





#### If you like naked women...





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Sure, your kid sister might own a "Porn Star" T-shirt, but would you be okay with her being a porn star? Find out what it takes to come out of one of society's last remaining closets in these stories culled from porn veteran Jiz Lee's new anthology Coming Out Like A Porn Star. Interview by Amanda Ferguson.



"If he's done this to me, how many other girls has he done this to?" Adult actress Danica tells on "family values" champion/reality "star" Josh Duggar. Be prepared for some nasty shocks. Interview by Kimberly Cheng, Photography by Daye Naz.

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# THE TRUE STATE OF THE UNION

President Obama is delivering his last State of the lunion address this month, signaling the final laps of the long Presidential campaign marathon. It's been mandatory for all candidates to extol the greatness of America and promise to keep the USA on top of the world. But some statistics belie our extreme patriotism:

Out of 35 countries surveyed by the United Nations Children's Fund (NIDEF), we rank 34 thin percentage of chidren living in poverty. In reading, our children place 17th, in science 20th and in math 27th. Our healthcare system ranks 33rd in the wordt. We have the fourth highest income inequality (behind only Turkey, Chile and Mexico) and land 17th in the happiness index. But we are still number one in some areas: per capital prison population, military spendin and the most oun deaths of and veelvoed country.

Rather than tooting our horn with blind patriotism, as if nothing has changed since the booming Happy Days of the 1950s, we should strive to reverse some of the dismal rankings cited above.

Increasingly, the demographics of America reflect a progressive consensus. Racial minorities now form 38% of our population. Combined with single women, millennials (born

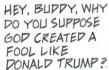
between 1982 and 2000) and nonreligious voters, this bloc will form 63% of the population next year, and by and large they reject the plutocratic, warmongering, evangelical policies of the majority-white Republican Party. In 2008 46% of Americans identified as conservative; in 2015 that number fell to 37%.

If this emerging majority elects politicians truly representative of its interests, then we should see our national priorities change from foreign aggression to elevating domestic issues. Fewer guns, more butter.

There is hope for the state of our Union. Americans possess a proven ability to adapt, innovate and change. But progressive policies will only be implemented if the new majority makes its voice clearly and persistently heard, in the voting booth and beyond.

Lay I Mas

Larry Flynt Publisher



MAYBE HE DID IT TO PROVE THAT HE HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR - OR MAYBE HE DID IT JUST TO FUCK WITH US!



WINNERS

# STONE-COLD BUST WAGING WAR ON DRUGS HAS BEEN A FAILURE AT HOME

WAGING WAR ON DRUGS HAS BEEN A FAILURE AT HOW AND THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

or nearly half a century the United States has driven much of the world had shit crazy with its insane War on Drugs. That sundertaking even trumped the other observation of waging war on terrorism when, in May 2001, President George W. Bush authorized a payment of \$45 million to the Tailbian regime in Alphanistan as a brite to eradicate that nation's opium crop, Four months later Osama bin Laden and his al-Deade, proceed by the state Tailban , auunched the

But one need not trave to Afghanistan for comparable somples of the disastrous consequences of the War on Drugs. Just look south. Mexico, in particular, has been torn apart by what is in effect a civil war between drug lords and the federal police over who controls public life. But now, finally, Mexico and other Latin American countries are showing sins of having bad enough.

infamous 9/11 attacks on the World Trade

Center and Pentagon.

In November 2015 Mexico's supremajuans by determining that it is a protected human right for individuals to grow and smoke weed for personal use. The New York Times reported, The decision reflexion changing dynamic in Mexico, where for decades the America-hacked antidrup application and paign has produced much upheaval but flew issting victories. The country, dispinant the created search and a produced the control of the the createless campaign against traffickers, remains enauffield in volence."

Drug-policy shifts are on the rise throughout the Western Hemisphere. Justin Tremisphere. Justin Tremisp

Canadian voters didn't buy the totally irrational argument of Trudeau's opponent, longtime Prime Minister Stephen Harper, that "marijuana is infinitely worse" than tobacco. As Chicago Tribune columnist Steve Chap-

or nearly half a century the United States man pointed out, tobacco "kills more Canahas driven much of the world bat shit disas than alcohol, hard drugs, guns, car yazw with its insane War on Druss That un-

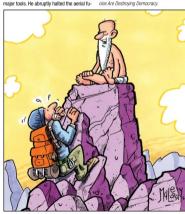
> In the United States, four states (Washington, Colorado, Oregon and Alaska) and the District of Columbia have made recreational use of marijuana legal. As with same-sex marriage, once the puritaincial taboos are breached, reform initiatives will succeed. That certainly seems to be the case in South America, where Unguay legalized marijuana in 2013 and Chile legalized medical marijuana in 2015.

> Cultivating coca, the base plant for cocaine, is legal for traditional purposes in Bolivia, and the Supreme Federal Court of Brazil is considering decriminalizing cocaine and marijuana. Even the president of Colombia, the nation most directly tormented by the USA's War on Drugs, eliminated one of its major tools. He abruulty halted the aerial fu

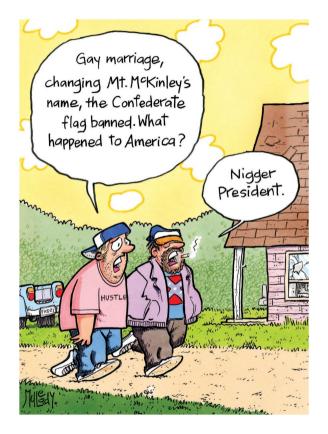
migation of Colombia's illegal coca fields after the World Health Organization proclaimed that the herbicide being sprayed "probably causes cancer in humans."

But the most effective weapon to curtal the drug-trade violence that plagues Mexico. Colombia and other Latin American countries is lowering the demand for lingal drugs between the most of the plag and the second properties of the plag and the second jurisdictions that legalized its use of marijuana, along with the five aforementioned jurisdictions that legalized its ecreational use, has already significantly dampened the market for marijuana from south of the border-flopefully we will get to the point where all drug abuse is treated as a medicial problem that, as we learned with alcohol abuse, rejects prohibition as a vaid treatment. If

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of TuthDig.com. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agences for Data-Vision Democration.



"Fox News is full of shit!"



# SUPREME FUCKUP

"APOCALYPSE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY."

During every Presidential campaign. I can remember being fold. "This election is really about the Supreme Court" No matter how I felt about the candidates, the argument went, the President nominates Supreme Court issues, and decisions made by the Court affect the nation—for good or ill—for dates. Given the damage the current Court has wrought no our electroal system and the fact that four—four—feest could become when the court found the next Presidency, the argument now sevens for more necessive than in the next.

Even though a Democrat has occupied the White House for eight years, the Democratic Party has been battered at the nolls over the past decade. "The vast majority" of state legislatures, governors, attorneys general and secretaries of state "are in Republicans' hands " journalist Matthew Yglesias observed in a recent Vox.com article headlined "Democrats are in denial. Their party is actually in deep trouble." He noted that "Republicans control both chambers of Congress" and that-thanks in no small part to partisan gerrymandering, the destruction of campaign-finance laws and new voter-suppression schemes by GOP-controlled states-"Republicans are confident they won't lose power" in the House any time soon.

Yglesias also pointed out that Democrats, whose focus is on the White House, "aren't event talking about how to improve on their weak points, because by and large they don't even admit that they exist." Meanwhile, right-wingers continue to radically restructure safet comments rights, decimate popular social programs and—even worse—modify election laws to make it much more difficult for voters to vote them out.

lan Milliser, author of Injustices: The Supreme Court's History of Comforting the Afficient, believes that the upcoming elections won't just into that the upcoming elections won't just into that the upcoming elections won't just into the Legislative and Executive branches of goverment: "The winner of 2015's Presid genlection is likely to play an unusually large rele in shaping the membership of the Surprise of Partly's best road to relevance in highly are mandered states begins with changing the makeup of the notion's highest Court."

According to Millhiser, a Constitutional law expert, "A big reason why Democrats are so far

uning every Presidential campaign, I can rarcas, when It comes to state legislative seally about the Supreme Court. No maces, when It comes to hiscer aces, is because seally about the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court has preme Court has prement event, the President monitates Supreme Court look at partising persymandering cases."

Moreover, Milliniser continued, "The Subpreme Court stark down the Walting Right, which ushered in much of the wave of votersuppression laws we've seen in southern states." Those lews, he explained, "do nothing except make it harder for constituencies that parter Demorals to voie." And then, of course, there is the Ottoern Linited milling, which guide campaign-finance lews, allowing millionaires, billionaires and corporations to even further headards our memeratively democratics."

Following George W. Bush's appointments of right-wing Chief Justice John G. Roberts Jr. and Justice Samuel Alfo, the Court quickly negated many longstanding rights and now seems—as Millhiser cautioned—"likely strike a huge blow toward unions," making it even more difficult for Democrats to turn around their halfol-hox misfortines.

around their bailot-box mistortunes.

Also, liberal Justices Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Stephen Breyer and conservatives Anthony Kennedy and Antonin Scalia will all be older

than 80 within the next four years. That, Millhiser said, could result in "an unusually large number of seats to flip in one Presidential term." The Court has made many 5-to-4 rulings in recent years. With a Republican as our next President, that slim margin could become a 7-to-2 conservative domination of the Court.

"If the Supreme Court gets even more conservative," Millihiser warned, the effect would reverberate for generations. "You're looking at an apocalyose for the Democratic Party."

On the other hand, if Democrats hold on to the Presidency, and liberal appointees eventually outnumber conservatives, many of the Roberts Court's worst unlings may actually be reversed. Gerrymandering would likely be struck down, photo-ID restrictions would be deemed unconstitutional, and the Voting Rights Act would be reinstated.

Millhiser added, "The newly constituted bench would also be able to undo any judicial attacks on unionized workers."

Whenever it's time to choose a President, we are told, "The stakes couldn't be higher!" In 2016, at least for those of us who believe elections should reflect the will of the voters, that aroument should finally hit home.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

"We hope all Americans are concerned about our flawed electoral system. So as a gesture of protest in the upcoming Presidential election, we are asking women, college students, gays, union members, environmentalists, African Americans and Hispanics to abstain from casting their votes!"



"When I was not much older than you, I made the decision to join the church and took a sacred vow of pedophilia."

he Tea Party is rhapsodic over its new quinslinger in Congress—South Carolina's Representative Trey Gowdy, a former hotshot prosecutor and alumns of Baylor theresity, mecca of the Southern Baylost fellow Republican and longitum incumbent both pills S in z 2011, after Inglis cast to omary same and rational votes for Democratic

So they booted Inglis for Gowdy, who's devoted to upholding the no-compromise Tea Party orthodoxy, ensuring further gridlock in Washington. His loyalty to the far right was proven last fall as he snapped at the high heels of Hillary Clinton in his role as chief inquisitor in the eighth—and hopefully final—Beng-

hazi investigation.

Every previous Benghazi investigation, including one led by a Republican-controlled House
committee in 2014, found
that there was no intelligence failure, no missed
opportunity for a rescue of
the slain diplomats and CIA
contractors no evidence of a conspiracy
contractors no evidence of a conspiracy.

by CIA officials to covertly ship arms from
Libya to Syria and, importantly, no wrongdoing by
Obama Administration officials, including then Secretary of State Hillary Clinton.

But later it was discovered that Ms. Clinton had committed a heinous crime: Instead of using her government-funded email account exclusively for her communications, she had-orio your armchair tight-also used a private email account! Lord forbid! Who could have imagined such fiendish perfidy in our chief diplomat? Republicans were horrified, of course. Anomalously, it is probably the first and only time that GOP ideologues have found something in government preferable to its private-sector alternative. Perhaps the Fundamentalist prudes hoped to find a titillating Monica Lewinsky nugget in the emails-something to nourish their insatiable "Bait the Clintons!" obsession. In any case, Gowdy was chosen to be the new Ken Starr in another conservative circle ierk futilely torturing the documentary record-now including all the emails-for some hidden sign of malfeasance that seven previous probes had all missed

To downplay the fact that this was a desperate pratries witch-hard (woody adopted a solemn pose of disinterested justice seeking, complete with a soley new seem-indows pose took a fix when these prospective new poses of the fact was a soley new seem-indows pose took a fix when these prospective new to be a fix of the prospective new to be a fix of the seek of the following the seem of the following the seek of the following the seem of the seek of the following the seek of the seek

Furious that his cloak of righteous impartiality

ney Blumenthal. Unfortunately for Trey the ace prosecutor, the CIA promptly debunked this spurious allegation in an official statement: Reviewing all 127 mails between Clinton and Blumenthe

emails between clinton and blumenthal, the CIA found not one single lots of classifiled information. Desperate to show some thing for his efforts, Gowdy had simply lied

through his weasel teeth.
Asked by reporters what
new revelations his long, \$4.7
million probe (more time-consuming than the investigations of
the Warren Commission, Water-

gate, Iran-Contra and 9/11)
had uncovered, this slick
courtroom lawyer, never at a
loss for words, had this to say.
"Uh..." A pause of several seconds elapsed before he finally
confessed. 'I think some of Jimmy

know that she testified that

Jordan's questioning— Well, when you say new today, we knew some of that already. We knew about the emails. In terms of her testimony? I don't

much differently lodgy than be has the previous times after learning. All fillings of oldistra for this absolute zich corroborating absolutely north ing. As an avowed fiscal conservative such to wasting the taxpayers' money, cowey should return his only 102 Dedenied or Economic Freedom Award from the Club of Growth for digging this colosess already, And the—allowy that of the coloses of the co

While he's at it, the asshole should issue an apport of the direct insult to felliary of Inton: When In hear that 1't's about her [Hillary], it is so hard for me. .. You are not wort 18 momths of my life, with all due respect. Four dead people are, but you're not. ''Ol course, his pure-sa- vestal-virgin act is outer horseshit: Gowdy admits that he will not tesse his final reject until at few months before the lesses his final reject until at few months before the local final region. It is not to the control of the control of

The whole hunt for Hillary dirt has proven as chimerical as the hunt for WMDs in Iraq, Gowdy's weeping over the four deaths in Benghaz?? How ado the 4.91 American soldiers killed in Iraq following the illegal invasion his party instigated under false pretenses? The full truth about this fasco would be well worth \$AT, million and beyond—to get Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld and the whole neocon war-criminal cabal to answer for those flag-rapeac offirs.

But Gowdy and his fellow elephants can't be bethered with investigating such trivia when far more important matters of state obsess them—much like fixen Starn's S70 million extravaganza over the stain on Morica Lewissky's dress. If Hiller y or any Democral is elected President, we can expect more of the mountain out-of-mobil' investigators' with Gowdy in charge. For the good of the country, take a break, Trey, And, please, lose the ridiculous bractut. [1]



had been torn off, Gowdy exploded, "I have told my own Republican colleagues and friends: Shut up talking about things that you don't know anything about." He and his henchmen then proceeded with a third-degree interrogation of Clinton under hot lights for 11 tedious hours, hoping, like some hardboiled homicide detective, to badger the suspect into an exhausted false confession. Last October it was revealed that Gowdy only attended ten out of 53 interviews and depositions related to this inquisition-all ten of which were directly tied to Hillary. He completely ignored the testimony of the diplomatic security officers who survived the attack, along with the testimony of Central Intelligence Agency and Defense Intelligence Agency officers. Yet he piously claimed that it was not a "Get Hillary" commando mission!

The whole shameful specticale was equivalent to some hyperagregue that Grozoccating a grieving mother whose family was killed by a freek lightning the size at a price." If you had moved the large that a face is a first that a face is a first that a completely derived, inhuman, until mother who and would here in the first that a completely derived, inhuman, until mother who are first that a completely derived, inhuman, until mother who are first that a completely derived, inhuman, until mother who are first that a first first that a first f

and in the end all Gowdy could come up with was a speculative charge issued in a news conference: Hillary might have communicated some classified information in her private emails with advisor Sid-

#### PENIS ENVY

Sure, your penis is talented, but not as talented as Tim Patch's. Patch, an Australian artist who, goes by Pricasso, creates abov. Patch, an Australian artist who, goes by Pricasso, creates abov. a thousand portraits and landscapes a year using only his penis, scrotum and but. For over a decade he's wowed crows. Scopp Australia, and now the world is finally getting a boner for his work. This past year Patch has been featured everyned in print and online, and his stroke-by-stroke live demonstrations have developed a worldwide fellowing.

A carpenter by trade, Patch, a former art school reject, began doing charcoal portraits at a local termer's market after his second marriage went down the drain. When he saw how much people enjoyed watching the process, he got the idea to try penis portrait painting. "Next the idea to myself. I thought people would think! was a bit strange," Patch tells HMSTER." I practiced at night. It was a to may not brighten my solitary sex life. "He confided his new hobby to friends, who encouraged him to take his prick, public." I'm bascally a styp person," Patch confesses, "sol didn't think! could do! I. A firther surposetful crade analte now." While A dar was benefit former surposetful crade analte now." While A dar was benefit former surposetful crade analte now." While A dar was benefit former surposetful crade analte now." While A dar was benefit.

Not that it didn't take some trial and error to get things right. "I used to use any paint," says Patch, "but I had some bad experiences. I was feeling sick and getting rashes. At one show, my penis started bleeding all over the paintings." Now he uses "body-friendly paint!" that he makes himself, and uses only "really smooth carvas."

Pricaso len't the only artist to paint with his pecker, but he might be the nost entertaining. The time to take it to another level," he explains. "Most of the orders I get are from people warning a present for a close friend whom they want to shock, a title. With a viber camera, I can prove how it was painted. When they play the DVD, they want it as rude as possible. So I spend most days raised in frort of a video camera, leaping myself turned on and placing the camera and lighting to get the most inapportate shots of the california process."

And what is his process? Pricasso is happy to share. "First I cup my hand around my genitals and dip the tightly squashed



ball sai not a flesh-colored paint pot. Then, with paint dripping of ny balls, I search left and over the carreas, covering the earea where the cheareas, covering the earea where the the carreas covering the earea where the the carreas in the other amount of the sing my butf cheeks, bouncing not be carreas in the other amades everyone leady. I hold my dick on no hand and the carreas in the other and do a round prawing with the tip of my perish. Its best to be flacid, as it is much an own and nearwards. After it massing that the colors using a very season that the tip of my perish. It is best to be flacid, as it is much an own and the colors using a very season the tips. If I fill in the colors using a very season the colors using a very season to the season that the colors using a very season to the very season to the colors using a very season to the very seas

If this all sounds good to you, you're in luck—Pricasso is looking for an apprentice. "I know I can't do it for much longer," he says. So if you're seeking an excitling career in the arts, or simply want your own Pricasso original, head to www.Pricasso.com.

## GOOD THINGS COME IN THREES

is there anything technology can't do? A new phone app is making threeways something that could actually happen—outlinely Plander (pronounced thirder), created by Londonbased Dimo Trifonov, allows users to search for partners down for a ménage à trois. All you need is a Facebook profile, and you're good to go. Like the Tinder app, Artins of the pospie interact only if they express interest in one another. It's free, Think of the possibilities! What could go vorng? O'n, yearh, Finfonov areastly pountly of that. That's why he's built in features allowing users to hide their profiles and lock the app with a passcode. (Or course, those features will cost you.)

Up and running for about a year, 3nder has been responsible for the exchange of 1.2 million messages a month. Actual hooking up? Who knows? Who cares? Not the anonymous investors who recently funded the app with \$500,000 in venture capital. One thing the app won't do: floure out who gets to be Lucky Pierre.



## **CLUB GIRL: FELIX ROXX**

Felix Roxx has some etiquette advice: Put away your cell phones, gentlemen. "I really don't like it when people sit at the stage looking at their phones while a pretty girl is dancing," admonishes the 31-year-old. "If you're a good boy, I promise you'll have more fun."

A crowd favortite at Larry's pussy palace in Las Vegas since she astarted dancing there hay vest ago, Erick loves audience particular ton. My most entertraining number is when I pull an audience member orstage and seath thin in a chair.'s He coplains. "Then I pull an audience member orstage and seath thin in a chair.'s He coplains. Then I pull and is a sightly modified traditional striptease/ago dance just for him. "With the pale shin, dark hair and cherry mid line, Felix loves to find, Felix loves to films, Felix loves to

When she isn't enchanting men at the HUSTLER Club, Felix enjoys performing burlesque and posing for pinup shots. "Taking my clothes off in front of a crowd is the best aphrodisiac." Works for us! Follow this beauty on Instaoram @FelixRoxx.







It's not true that I had nothing on. I had the radio on."—MARILYN MONROE, ACTRESS

### **DUMB AS SHIT**

With May proms right around the corner, students across the country are marching off to sex ed assemblies to, presumably, learn about sex. Unfortunately, chances are that these kids—not to mention taxpayers—are cetting totally screwed.

According to the National Conference of State Legislatures, only 22 states and Washington, D.C., require see declaration. And hold on to your dunce caps, only 19 states insist that see declaration her "medclarify facility of rechnically accurate." For roughly three decades feckless public school principals have figured they could stay away more continuers and saliability they sold sids not to have see, sold opening the door for Christian crazies spouling abstinence-only-untilmeration. All Mills.

Currently AOUM is the dominant sex education program taught in public schools. And even though a flectiny funded study showed that the programs have had zero impact on sexual health or behavior, last Agell Congress increased funding for AOUM programs from \$50 million to \$75 million. Want to be transported back in time, say to the early 1830s when Sylvester Graham was bouring the U.S. fecturing about the evils of masturation/self-polition? Take a look at the guest speakers, workbooks and videos public school students are being subicited to folds.

Better still, attend a public school sex ed class. Alico Proper did that the 14-year-do son invited the to see how had sex ed was at Michigan's East Lansing High School. Her live tweet from that Michigan's East Lansing High School. Her live tweets from that SMART! Sexually Mature Aware Responsible Teens) class west viral: "The whole lesson here is sex is part of a terribe litestyle. Drups, unemployment, failure to finish shool—levs is part of the disastler. Site is on telling a story of a contion box in which PERF SINGLE CONDOM HAD A HOLE. Paper bables are being handed out to PERFORE. They was LL HAD COMOM FALUER. AND THE WHOLE CLASS IS PREG-NATT. When class was over, Dreger, a highly educated college processor and published author, was so sturned by the stupility of what she'd withessed that only one word would come to mind. She proceeded to share that word, tweeting, "The been banned from this pick and (except for drop offlijick up/concents/conferences) for saying fluck after class."

"We aren't sure why our taxes were going to pay for this crag." Deeper lest NISTLE. evalianing that he and other parents in find out til after the fact that SAMAT classes were being taught by a Christian "po-lie" group that coursels pregnant women to will obsorbe to MART that been used to teach see ed in the East Lansien School Detrict for 19 easm—although school board presidents lest Kuhmunench claimed that board members were unaware that the regnization had been vorking in the district. That's hard to believe. The school board should have been ashamed of listed that it was only shamed of the school attention drawn by Orger's 15 theves. The principal told me I went about this the vrong way—loo angry, too loud, now know nothing see see had here channed it."

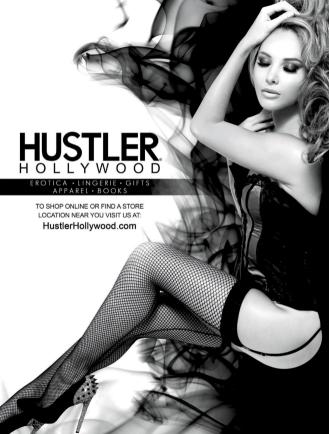
Among the many strangers stopping Droger in the street to thank, her were parents who had been unaware of the school's sex ed curriculum as well as those who had complained about it for years to no avail. Only after the flap raised by her tweets did the school board word to suspend the use of outside contractors like MART and use trained teachers to handle the curriculum. Trained teachers—what a novel ideal.



Fear of lawsuits might change things for the better. For example, California passed a law making updated, unified seaula health education mandatory starting, January 2016 for public school students grades? Trougal 12 (januaris will have the option of exacusing their child from alterding). The law was signed in part to address a lawsuit brought against the Colvis brilled 54000 bitsrict by parents and advoxacy groups who alleged that sex ed classes were inaccurate and bissed, for example using a testopks on All Proprention that didn't mention condemast showing a video on sexual health that compared a woman who wasn't a veign to applied from, diffy seakers.

But in most states who knows what they re teaching—If they reteaching anything, Likely as not, your hard-arenet as collains are groing to downs like Pam Stenzel, a porcine, stuf-shaming, jean-jacketed shrew who's so outdated, she still harks VHS tapes. Stenzel gets between \$4,000 to \$6,000 to 9 os shoots with the "Hijle Cost of Fee Love" grogram and shout shit like, "If you take brith control, lyour mother probably hashes you," warning first that if they take which control, lyour mother shades you." warning in shat if they take which control, lyour "You'd and up sterile or fead" and that "no one has ever had more than one partner and not poid."

It'd be funny if it weren't so god-awful. What we don't know hurts us all. What they don't know hurts us all. So this month ask your local public high school exactly what it teaches kids in sex ed. Ask if you can attend a class. And then please, oh, please, live-tweet it.





I laughed when you said your only competition now is Gymecological Monthly. I looked for Gynecological Monthly. I looked for Gynecological

#### Swan Song

I saw the news about Playboy pulling the plug on nudity in their magazine, and even though I never was a big fan of that publication ('cause they never showed enough good stuff). I still think it sucks that they are crapping out when those bastards kinda helped get the so-called "sexual revolution" revved up back in the 1950s. I guess Larry was right about that old lady Hefner all along: Hef probably really wanted to run Esquire and not a real beaver magazine the whole time. What a fart in the wind! Good thing Larry isn't some dandified pseudo-intellectual pussy-ass that would water down the raw and raunchy goodness of HUSTLER, Hell, no. And he better not null that kind of hullshit either if he wants to keep the true salty salts of the earth on his side and satisfied. Fortunately, it seems that Larry has no plans to let HUSTLER crap out in that way any time soon. Right on, Larry. It's bullshit what Playboy is doing. Fuck those pussy-assed motherfuckers!

#### Harder, Please

January '16 was another neat issue. Too bad though that HUSTLER doesn't show pink hardly at all anymore! How come. HUSTLER? Why are you going soft? The photo layouts in HUSTLER are still very sexy. Love the sweet, sexy HUSTLER Honey of the month, Blake Bartelli. She's so beautiful and young looking-she must have just turned 19. I'd love to wake up with her sexy mouth on my cock. I'd watch as she sucks me to a good come. I'd let the cum pour out of her mouth and all over her sexy face. That would be so good. And thanks for the great fantasy.

—Dennis Comstock North Muskegon, Michigan

Guess what, Dennis? You should get in the shower now! We read your latest missive to Blake, and she said she'd be right over. As soon as she's done celebrating April Fools' Day. It'll take a little while, but she's for sure coming.





#### Mr. Postman

Larry, it's no secret that you're the real king of all media. You've done as much for women's rights as you have for free speech in our country.

America. Not sure who fucked up, but we've hand-delivered your letter to the appropriate office. You should now be receiving your HUSTLERS with no hitches.

#### WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Doar HISTER

Volve Jeb Bush he keepe Florida's state women cooking in the klitchen as women staves. He keepe Florida's Sunshine State women with soulch, surfer seln the klitchen and pregnant in the bedroon cave. Jeb Bush. He's the candidate of male superior master owners of wite line-stock, Jeb Bush shaden of Floridas male Hushand workers waye superior to pessant, pay-scale-deprived female wives. Jeb Bush, keep Hillary Collinson out of the White House, and hushands will be allive and kings of the castle.

— Robert Noward Rockfeldier

— Robert Invand Rockfeldier

— Crowwell Michigan

— Crowdel Michigan

Now, Mr. Flynt, sir, please tell me how I can get a subscription to HUSTLER. My check and order form were returned. LFP Publishing stated that it was because I'm in Utah. Let's make this right!

> —Dan Connole Salt Lake City, Utah

Oh, Dan. Did you know that Utah has one of the highest rates of porn usage in the U.S.? Funny thing, it also has a shitload of Latter Day Saints and some of the strictest antipornography laws in the nation. But have no fear. HUSTLER can ship anywhere in

#### Get It Together!

Would it kill you to put down your penis for one minute and pick up a pen or tap out a letter to us? And by us, I mean all of us. Because when you write a letter to HUSTLER and we publish it, you're writing to everyone who reads HUSTLER. We want to know what's new in your world. If you're sitting in jail, would it kill you to tell us what's going on in there? If you're sitting on the can, sending a public missive about the state of the world might help you vacate the contents of your bowels. We want to know what's on your mind!























# "Mom & Dad, I'M A PORN

#### NOOOOOOODIE GIRL • Stova

Stoya is an adult performer, writer and master of avoiding pants. Her writing has been published by The Guardian, The New York Times and The New Inquiry. She maintains a blog at GraphicDescriptions.com and recommends you retrain from Goodling her at work.

Murphy's Law of Inappropriate Behavior states that if you make a habit of taking your clothes off in public, eventually everyone in your family including members so distant they share less DNA with you than a chimpanzee does with a cuttlefish) will somehow stumble upon documentation of what you're up to.

My grandmother is a very smart woman, and I'd been dodging the question of what I did for a living for at least three professionally naked years. I really had been meaning to tell her about my job before she found out from the television or a newspace, but I thought I'd do it when I was ready. "Ready" consistently being defined as any time except for right now.

So I was completely unprepared when she called and said, "Your mother says that you're sort of like a model. I don't know what that means because if you were a model she would just say you're a model, and you're a bit short for that anyway. No offense, dear. What do you do with your days?"

I wished I'd discussed this inevitability with my mom or had some legitimate reason to get off the phone. My usually oddy cell service was clear as a bell, worried: What If I failed at easing her into the whole idea of my career in pornography and she had a heart attack, leaving me accidentally guith of grand-mai-ricide? What If she decided to just cut me out of her life? More pressing—how was supposed to explain what a modern promographic actives was to a voman who doesn't know how to work a cell phone and still had typesetting tools lying around from her dedys in advertising?

"Well, um, do you remember Bettie Page and pinup? What I do is kind of like pinup but more explicit. Like, with no clothes on."

"Oh! So you're a nooooooodie girl!"

Either I was hallucinating or that statement had been delivered in a positive tone.

"Yes, ma'am. But, uh, pop culture is a bit more edgy now than things were in
the '50s. so I have actual sex with becole and it goes on video or DVD."

"In the mooooving pic-tures! Do you enjoy it?"

"I have fun. It's always interesting. I only do things that I want to do, with people that I want to do them with. It's good."  $\label{eq:condition}$ 

"Well then, that's all very nice and I'm glad to hear you're doing something you like."

Since the conversation was going so well. I figured we might as well get

everything over with at once.

"There's something else I should probably tell you while we're on this subject."

"Obin?" In addition to being smart, my grandmother is an incredibly expressive woman. You know that Mehrabian's rule thing about how communication is 93 percent nonwestal? my grandmas case, 99 percent of communication is 90 percent nonwestal my more communication. There's something in the way she draws out the vowels. They become a whole dresenure.

This particular "ohhh" had started out some distance into curiosity land, passed over the gosh-what-else-could-top-the-last-thing mountains and settled on the patiently-waiting-to-hear-more plains.

"I'm using your name as my stage name. Well, I'm using the Americanized diminutive. The point is, I'm using part of your name as my stage name."

"Vera? That's not very sexy."

"No, ma'am. I mean, I think Vera could actually be quite marketable with the current neoburlesque scene, but I'm using Stoya."

"0h? 0h."

The first of was surprised, and the second on sounded less than enthused, in my head, Istantion the largest imaginable pit of ut-on. I wondered if she could hear my heart pounding over the phone. My left hand frantically picked at the stitches on the henri of my shirt. Usecame concerned that might be the one to have the heart attack, and lwasn't going to die without one last cigarette. I lit up, inhaled and exhaled, inhaled and exhaled again. Finally I couldn't take the extended silence any longer.

"I was just thinking. I hope none of the men at the nursing home get us confused and try to out my feet behind my head. I don't bend that way anymore."

Apparently, since the death of her last husband, she'd acquired three boyfriends. Because it takes that many of them to keep up with her. My stressful and dramatic coming-out-to-Grandma moment turned into a farce because although the promiscuity gene may have skipped a generation, it most definitely runs in my family.



# STAR"

COMING HARD, COMING OUT: PRIVACY, EXHIBITIONISM & RUNNING FOR PARIJAMENT

Zahra Stardust

Zahra Startust is the 2014 Finninsis Pun Awards Heartfundo of the year, 2014 Audit Industry Awards Best Pon Actress and 2012 Erns Shine Awards Best Andul Stat. She is an Australian Penthousay Pet and PhD candidate, writing her dissertation Penthousay on the Pet and PhD candidate, writing her dissertation on the legal regulation of pornography. Her films sertation on the legal regulation of pornography Her films continued and produced that the product of the product value around the world. She lowes fisting, body fluids and intimate encounters with stranners.

"Porn Star Runs for Lord Mayor," the headlines said, alongside a photograph of me in full fuchsia and black latex with hot pink PVC flogger. If I was going to come out, I may as well do it in style.

I'm quite sure my parents knew all along.

I started taking my clothes off in the supermarket when I was three years old.

My mom found my first pair of six-inch stripper heels in my bedroom when I was 20

At the time, I tried hard to convince her they were for a fancy dress party. In hindsight, I don't know why I bothered. I was completely transparent and a bad liar. My parents kept wanting to come visit me at this 24-hour café where I supposedly worked.

I never actually sat down and had that conversation with them. I didn't need do. Being a shameless exhibitionist, my family eventually found out through newspaper articles, magazines and next-door neighbors. Besides, there was always my unexplained sultcases, my garish makeup, DD cups fresh from Thalland.

What can I say? I am a lifer in the sex industry. I can't keep my mouth shut about how much I love my work.

in 2009, I abandoned a legal career to run for Parliament with the Australian Sex Parly, At the time, it caused somewhat of a scandal. My employer issued a formal media statement, appearing in Lawyers Weekly—presumably they felt the need to explain how a person of such disrepute ended up working for a to-tier firm.

Hot on the heels of my escape from the legal profession. I, spent my time wisely. I walked on people in stillettos. I undressed upside down on trapeze, I pulled pears out of my vagina. I used cu-cumbers and Barbie doils as dillicos. We did X-rated double tricks in people's garages that audiences described as "adult Cirque du Soleil." I dressed in latex

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO COME OUT TO PARENTS, FRIENDS OR THE PTA AND EXPOSE THAT YOU WORK IN THE SEX INDUSTRY? FIND OUT IN THIS SAMPLING OF BRAVE, FUNNY, POIGNANT, POWERFUL STORIES COLLECTED AND EDITED BY PREEMINENT PORN STAR IZE LEEN THE NEW ANTHOLOGY COMING OUT LIKE A PORN STAR

and learned anal fisting and cock-and-ball torture. I rode in limousines and Hummers. I ejaculated liters of fluid and screened it at film festivals. I trained to hold my entire body out sideways on a pole.

to hold my entire body out sideways on a pole.

And I wanted to tell everybody how fabulous it was! It was obvious: I needed to share the love!

We began our electroal campaign against compulsory internet censorship, to decriminalize the sale of X-rated films, to enact legislation to protect sex workers from discrimination and to establish a national comprehensive sex education curriculum. We pole-danced at bus stops, handed out How to Vote condorns and launched campaigns from backstane at Miss Centrefield Ceannia.

As it turns out, we were far from alone. I saw a senior associate of my former firm while on the husting; he falter fold me he "elected for Seet" I received emails from a barrister in Western Australia with his support and from a social worker in South Australia saking for advice on how to tell the rolleagues she was a pole dancer. Turns out there were plenty of pole-dancing lawyers around me. My friend Shimmy losed that she pade her way through pole school by working as a lawyer—and later left the corporate world to open her own studies.

I won't lie. I love the fast-paced, whirlwind opportunities to advocate, but it is a love-hate relationship. It wasn't all golden showers and giggles.

I have now run for Parliament three times—for House of Representatives, Senate, and Lord Mayor of Sydney. When the Sex Party announced me on Facebook as their mayoral candidate in 2012, 75 online comments appeared, including:

"Feminist striptease. Give me a fucking break."
"It's an oxymoron, stripping is not a feminist act."

"I can't vote for a rep who is a proud 'feminist act."

"I can't vote for a rep who is a proud 'feminist stripper' and dresses up ke this."

"Feminism, to me, is about developing higher-order abilities so one doesn't have to rely on materialism/sexuality to survive."



"How can you be a feminist and a stripper at the same time?" When you are out as a sex worker, your voice is regularly distorted: your body is considered expendable: your life is treated as public property; your behavior is misinterpreted; and your mind is dismissed as ill-informed. Your body bears the brunt of scrutiny as a place where social fears about consumer culture, objectification and sex acutely intersect

Journalists demonstrate disregard for the effect of their articles on your personal life and career and, especially when they misquote you or pan down to your diamante stilettos while you are speaking about human rights, reinforce discourses of fetishization, titillation. pathologization and victimization

The favorable media I have received is no doubt because I am. white, middle class, ciscender and tertiary educated-my agency is not disputed.

There are opportunities to "sanitize" how I talk about my job. If I am concerned for my safety, unwilling to respond to probing guestions or uncomfortable with strangers accessing my life. I could refer to my work as a dance instructor, a policy officer, trapeze artist. All these things are true. But I also stick folloops in my cunt, put electrical devices on strangers' genitals and pose nude in magazines. And I'm proud of it!

Hierarchy comes with the language we use-and our work doesn't need to be "cleaned up" to make it palatable. If you have a problem with sex work, that's your problem. Our movement should not defend certain kinds of sex work whilst stigmatizing others.

This question of reconciling feminism with the sex industry used to interest me. I am grateful I was able to ask sex work 101 questions to peers, mentors and role models in the industry. They critically informed my politics, challenged my internalized stigma and gave me a historical, theoretical and legal context to situate my own practice.

Ten years later, having answered this guestion repeatedly, it has become a little jading. To put it politely.

Anti-sex work feminist focus on 'raunch culture,' 'sexualization' and 'pornification' have been used to call for increased criminalization of our workplaces, clients and colleagues. They are echoed uncritically throughout popular culture, media, universities and parliamentary inquiries.

We are luring girls into a triple-X-rated world, perpetuating antifeminist stereotypes, hijacking sexuality, complicit in violence against women. We should wake up. We are traitors, victims, objects, commodities, pornified, sexualized, sexist, postfeminist, low-brow, degraded, clichéd, brainwashed,

These accusations-and their implicit assumptions about what is natural, normal and feminist-are employed without reference to sex workers' own individual sexualities, identities, politics, strategies

or feminist practices.

They are debilitating. They are depressing. They are relentless. Of course, I take it personally.

It grates down on me like a war of attrition slowly scraping away the layers of glitter from my skin. I have a physically sick reaction to news reports. The ferocity and violence of abolitionist tactics make me cry. My heart sinks. I have become closed, private, protective of a part of my life that for me has been a refuge.

Nowadays, here is what goes through my head whenever I am asked this question: Do I have the emotional stability to facilitate a vicious Internet debate? Do I have the time to outline a history of sex-work feminism, gueer theory and the global sex worker rights movement? Do I have the inclination to recount the methodological flaws in nonneer studies of the sex industry? Why is it my responsibility to defend my profession instead of their job to challenge their prejudice? Will I be further attacked if I even engage in this dialogue? What is the cost?

Managing this stigma on a daily level means that I have become a jaded, resentful, walking encyclopedia. I have a photographic database—bibliography, footnotes, policy messages, statistics—burnt into my brain that I can never afford to switch off.

Stigma forces us to be reactive. And more---it drains vital energy that could actually be invested in creating, dreaming, producing new sexual material, new theoretical paradigms and new kinds of ethical intimacies. This is the worst

This in turn feeds into ammunition for abolitionist feminists to arque that our industry is narrow, stereotyped and predictable, It's not just that these assumptions are offensive. They are dangerous.

Law reform is occurring in every Australian jurisdiction with proposals to criminalize clients/workers/workplaces, remove antidiscrimination protections for sex workers, impose mandatory STI/HIV testing and require permanent registration on police and government databases. Parts of our community are marginalized by criminal laws. racial profiling, barriers to service provision, lack of funding for peer projects and excessive policing. Submissions processes are being fueled by readings of objectification, degradation, rescue and rehabilitation, rather than informed by sex worker voices, epidemiology, human rights or United Nations recommended best practices.

Over time, any solid line that ever divided my work and personal identities has slowly eroded. I think, feel, dream and breathe sex and politics. My house is a library of queer, feminist and sex worker literature. My work name is now my legal name. I wear Sluts Unite and Feminist Stripper singlets. In porn, I fuck real-life lovers. I give strangers unsolicited lap dances. I take my work home and I take home to work. I take my ten-inch cocks, pink gloves and organic lube through X-ray at airport security. For now.

Because being out does not mean that you are invited to dissect our lives to satisfy your own curiosity.

Sex workers are not on call for your university assignment. Our bodies are not open slabs for you to project your opinions, voice your concerns, open up and extract information: Certainly, this has been

the hobby of the medical profession, rescue NGOs and governments. We are not a walking research project to appease the voveurism and sexual tourism of middle-class careerist professionals who want access to our sexual communities while avoiding stigma and pro-

tecting their reputation. We are human. We breathe, we bleed, we break,

Being out and proud is a strategy of visibility and activism; it fosters community and belonging, but it is also, for me, a necessity, I am too tired to hide my "lifestyle" because it makes you feel more comfortable. Why should I?

Besides, being out can be such a pleasure. I get to be a queer stripper auntie and buy pole-dancing baby jumpsuits. I am surrounded by a sex worker family who I know are always there for support, advice and tears. Cute dyke daddies have helped me build stage props, film porn and been my bouncer at Buck's parties-not that I need one with my killer stilettos! In supportive relationships, I come home and share stories of work to my lovers. Because of my job. I have learned to think critically, love generously and speak loudly.

Being out is a privilege, sometimes a burden, but also a blessing. "Porn Star Runs for Parliament" again.

## FROM OPERA CONDUCTOR TO PORN PRODUCER • Colin Rowntree

As the founder and CEO of Wasteland.com, the Internet's oldest and most popular BDSM and alternative sexuality site, Colin Rowntree is a true pioneer of the online adult entertainment industry.

I've had a lot of vocations in my life. From music teacher and music teacher and music teacher and music teacher and music teacher with the elderly 3 years ago to a long career as a symphonic, choral, on-Broadway director and opera conductor and, as as the case with most verviring musicians, all kinds of side glog storar ranging from wholesale accounts manager for an occult goods company to even a few stifts as a late-injet radio announce. But little led let ever expect that I would eventually become a porn director and producer—one specializing in BDSM at that!

In 1994, my wife and I literally stumbled into online, adult entertainment by launching an experienter—Wasteland—Go see if people on this new "Internet thing" might like to request a miall-order catalog of our offerings of BOSM and kinky bondage goeff and leather fetsh apparel. Within a short period of time, it became dowlvous that no one was really interested in getting a mail-order catalog sent to them, but a lot of people were holishy interested in seeing attraction.



It quickly became apparent that we needed to get more kinky photos—lots of kinky photos to satisfy the surfers' lust for naughty fare. My wife, Angle, was a photojournalist and began showing me the tricks of the trade for shooting high-end felish-glamour photos. Within a year, I became a full-fleeded comproapher.

For the first the years, we kept if all very fust-hush as to the kind of Internet business we were running. Living in a very conservative, small level England Itown, it just made sense not to be too open about that little detail, especially as I was still working as a choir director in a local church and conductor of a well-known opera company. As luck would have it, by 1997 Wasteland was doing very well and we bought our first home with attached files space, but in a town just a bit too far for the twice-weekly drive to the church for fre-

hearsals and services, so I left that position just in the nick of time. Shortly after our move. I was contacted by a small regional newspaper that had heard of me from my speaking engagements at the AVN show. The reporter wanted to do a story about our porn business being operated in a tiny town in New Hampshire, Within days of that story being published. I got a call from the Boston Globe asking if they could come by our office for an interview and perhaps take a few photos. They came, interviewed us, took some pictures. and that following Sunday, there was a full-page upbeat and positive story about us in the Globe, complete with a large, full-color photo of my wife sitting at her desk, editing naughty pictures. At that time, pretty much everyone in New England read the Sunday Boston Globe (it was, after all, before the newspaper industry moved over to the Internet). The following Tuesday. I headed down to my weekly opera rehearsal and was intercepted in the parking lot by the president of the board of directors and a couple of other board members. The board president was holding a copy of the paper, opened to the feature about us with my well-known wife's smiling face in the middle of it. I anticipated being fired on the spot, but an amazing thing happened: The board members all had nervous smiles on their faces, and the only question they had was if it was legal. I assured them it was, and they all laughed and said they would cover my back from any backlash from members, which they did for the following eight years. I eventually got too busy to keep up with conducting and devoted 100 percent of my time to both Wasteland and my wife's new porn site for women-Sssh.comthat went live in 1999.

In a similar unexpected reaction scenario, by 2000, we had outgrown our house and offices and bought a much larger of grown our house and offices and bought a much larger estate agent that helped us into our first home. After the signing, the agent puts a saide and said something to the effect of, "Just what is it you guys do for a living that you were able to generate astess to explore 1 took a deep breath and told her the truth—that we run Internet prongraphy sites—full specificing diagnoval from her. Her eyes widened a bit, and the first thing out of her mouth was, "Oh, thank Cod! I thought you might be dealing drough!"

As for friends and family, pretty much everyone knows what I do, and most are very amused and accepting. In fact, my 80-year-old mother-in-law, who speaks five languages, does the bulk of our customer service email translations!

I know we got off pretty lucky in light of some of the horror stories I hear from performers about being banished from their families, ending up in custody battles and the like, and I thank our lucky stars for our friends, families and community acceptance—and the endlessly entertaining dinner conversations!

#### CONCEALMENT . Havley Fingersmith

Hayley Fingersmith is a queer porn performer. She likes strawberries and elevated trains, and was irrationally excited to find her very first gray hair. She came out in San Francisco and recently gave up her hedonistic West Coast lifestyle to live amonast the grunge and unrelenting energy of New York.





"I wish my gramps could see this! He got lynched back in 1923 for looking sideways at some white girl. Now we get paid for fucking them!"

I used to wear a mask every day. I wouldn't step out the front door without it. I wore it to get the mail. I wore it to do laundry. I wore it to go to the gym. It is difficult to sweat under a maskthe bands come loose and flop around-so I did not go to the gym very often. I never swam.

I wore the mask to work. I wore it to see my family. I put it on before dates, carefully gluing down the edges so they wouldn't show. I worried what would happen if I slept over and the mask fell off in my sleep.

I worried that people would notice the mask. Not that they would see it-they were supposed to see it: after all, that's what masks are for-but that they would see the fact of it, that it was a mask. I tried not to speak too much, fearing it would slip. I avoided eve contact on the street. People still looked sometimes. Sometimes I knew they could tell. Sometimes I thought they couldn't. Sometimes people smiled. Perhaps they thought the mask was beautiful.

I think now that I did not have to wear the mask as frequently as I did or as fervently as I did. I wore it so protectively because I knew I would die without it, and knowledge is a powerful thing.

Under the mask, my face slowly changed, I do not want to understate the importance of this, for as my face changed, I found the mask less and less tolerable. But neither do I want to overstate its importance because the mask is about concealment as much as appearance, and I still felt I would die if anyone saw me.

They say that doing porn turns you into an object. In the lens. you are not a person with love and sadness and needs and mortality. Instead, you become a doll, something to be looked at and lusted over, masturbated to and eventually forgotten. And I do think this is something cameras do. This, in fact, is what allowed me to perform in my first porn. I would not have to wear the mask. The lens would suffice.

By that time, I had begun to tire of the thing, the isolation, the ritual of putting it on, the time it burned every morning and night. I had just moved to a new city. I wanted to smile and talk and flirt with people I met. Occasionally, I had failed to wear it, and I had not died. I began to question my assumptions. I downgraded certainty to probability: I would probably die.

Still, once you've worn a mask for five years, it becomes as comforting as it is stifling. I wore it to my first shoot, and I wore it back. During the shoot, I wore only my makeup.

People have asked me why I decided to perform in porn. I've said it was for the money, and that's true. I've said it's because I like having sex with pretty people-also true. I've said it was a political statement, to be a visibly out trans woman, a model for other trans women who, like I once did, feel like they

What I haven't said, and what I had not realized until I sat down to write this, was how queer porn gave me the space to come out. The hours I spent on set were some of the very first hours I spent in public, as my whole self, without fear. The sets of the gueer porn producers I've worked with have been, without fail, safe and affirming spaces, and it was on those sets and in seeing myself through their lenses that I began to discover that I could be seen and safe. It was there that I experienced the profound healing of being invited to exist.

I am in another new city these days. I still have the mask, but these days, it mostly collects dust.

#### INSIDE COMING OUT LIKE A PORN STAR

with Jiz Lee • interview by Amanda Ferguson

#### HUSTLER: Was it difficult getting people to share their stories with you?

JZ LEE. A few years ago I started talking to my peers about coming out. Just getting advice and companing notes about things like coming out to your children or your siblings, parent hitnings like coming out to your children or your siblings, parents in things like coming out to your children or your siblings, parents in the young the

What does "coming out" mean in the age of the Internet! I think the Internet is making us more and more transparent in our intentions, so much so that I hope that a book, like this will be obsolete in five years. Just I like no one cares anymore if Presidential candidates smoked marijuana when they were young, no one's going to care if there's a sex tape of them on. The more information we have available, the more depictions of porn there are, the more people will understand the truth: Human sexuality is incredibly diverse, and it's all inatural. And as long as there's consent, it's all possible. And there's no such think as normal, think (technolow) will held at this such such think as normal, think (technolow) will held at the such

Are you coming out to a different audience with this book? Yeah, I really wanted to do a book because I feel it gives a lot of weight to a subject. And I think that there aren't a lot of anthologies or publications that allow sex workers-or I'll just say porn performers or porn professionals in general-to be able to share their own stories. Some of the books that are out are sort of anti-porn. I definitely wanted to contribute something that would exist as an opposition to that. I could be a total cheerleader for porn. Hove the porn that I do. When I look and think of my productions. I feel like we're making a better place in the world. Or at least giving different examples of sexuality that are healthy, that people can look at and learn something from or maybe find themselves. Porn has been a really satisfying, really rewarding career choice. And like a porn cheerleader, I'll say that porn is going to change the world and make it a better place. But I also know that there are other opinions about pornography. What I like about this book is that people are telling their own stories, and they're true, which cuts through the bullshit. It's not like porn is good or bad. Or porn is feminist or not. It's not about any of that. It's more about the simple fact of having done it and then communicating that with the people in their lives.

Why do people call everyone who does porn a "porn star"? There are definitely different schools of thought within the industry about who gets to be a porn star, like after how many nowies is it official? Do you need to have achieved some kind of notionly? Do you have to be inducted into a hall of fame of have to have wom an award of some kind? And then I talked to laypeople—you know, people who haven't worked in the industry—and they re like, "Oh, anyone who does porn is a porn star." I actually like that opinion. It democratizes the process. Like if you have a smartphone, you can make a video of yourself and put it online, and there you are—a porn star! Technology is putting us on the same level, on the same field. It gives the experience more humanity if your performers are just like anyone else. Like this could be my daughter or this could be my father doing porn. It could be me. Makes it a little bit more humanizing.

All essays printed in HUSTLER with the permission of ThreeL Media. To read Jiz Lee's entire collection—56 stories in all!—purchase *Coming Out Like a Porn Star* at ComingOutLikeAPornStar.com.















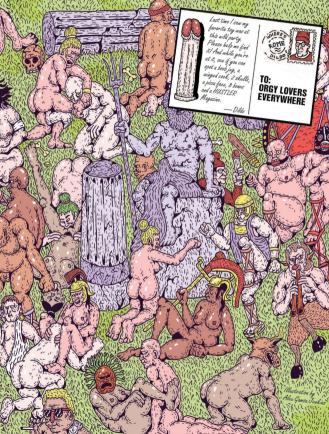






























# HUSTLER CASINO LOS ANGELES



"Mom! I think I've found that special someone!"









# HUSTLER: How did you meet Josh

DANICA DILLON: I met him in March [2015] while I was feature-dancing in Philly, I had no clue who he was. He looks like your average, everyday guy, doesn't have celebrity tattooed on his forehead. And he walked in and was like. "I've been a fan of your work. I followed you from the beginning, since before your boob job. You're so beautiful! I love you! You're gorgeous!" all night long. I did my first show, and he went, "Oh, my God, it's so amazing! You're amazing!" Then he asked to buy dances from me. \$600 worth of dances And after the dances: "Well, what would it take to spend more time with you?" At that point I was like "This is my room number. Give me 45 minutes-let me clean up-and come on over.

# No red flags?

Not really, not at first. I mean, he just seemed like a normal fan person. They get overexcited, and they don't really know how to compose themselves. He wasn't being rude or rough at the club. So there wasn't any like, Oh, this guy is going to physically abuse me. It was just more along the lines of, This could be fun for a little bit. Then he showed up at my hotel.

# What happened?

So most men who want to spend time with you want you to entertain them more or less. You know, act sexy and just be your cute little porn star self. He walkled in and instantly was like, "Get undressed. Get on your knees." There was no intimacy, nothing, He grabbed my head and pulled me on to him and was doing a forced blowjob. I couldn't breathe.

I pushed him off of me, and then ed did it again, and I had to push him off me. He did it again, I looked up, and I was like, "You need to calm down." And he did. Then he picked me up and threw me down on the bed and bet me over and was pulling my hair, calling me a dirty slut, telling me that I deserved it and that I like it like that. During dogy, he flipped me over and grabbed my legs, just threw me down and tossed me over.



Then he put his hands—He didn't choke me, but he pressed down prethy hard, as if he was trying to push my neck into the bed, almost constricting my airway. To the point where after he left I could see the red marks around my neck. Then he brings me back down on the floor and forces my face back to give him another blowlob, and the whole time he's degrading me and telling me I'm worthess. When I pushed him away, he pinched my lips toplether and spit on my face. And then he finished. Then, when he walked out of the room, he threw the money that he was onint to love to me on the counter and list left.

#### How long did it last?

It lasted for over an hour and a half, It was terrifying, I didn't even know the guy's name. It thought, If the's done this to me, how many other girls has he done this to? Has he murdered anybody? That's all that went through my head. But it's not likel vasi in any place to call the police because I didn't know who he was. I didn't know anything about him, and I invited him into my room, so it was consensus!

## You never said no?

No, I didn't, but I did keep asking him to not be so rough and not be so hard. He would slow down or stop being as rough and then go right back into it.

# You've caught some flak because you've been in rough porn scenes before

The people who play Hitler in movies, are they really Hitler? The people who are getting abused in movies, are they really ending up in the hospital and getting beat up and killed? No I do rough sense, and I do hardcore scenes, but there's always other people there to make sure I'm safe and I'm comfortable. My life isn't really in somebody's hands when I'm on set.

# Did you feel like your life was in danger with Josh?

Yeah. He was a completely different person from the club. It was like there was a switch that turned on and off

# Had he been drinking?

He'd had a few drinks, but I wasn't watching him. He didn't smell like he was wasted.

# You've said that you felt like you were being raped.

Yes. I got a lot of bad feedback, like, "Well, how can you compare something consensual to rape?" But I have had some traumatic experiences in my past, and I got the same dirty, disgustling feeling after he left. Like I sat in the shower, piping hot shower, for a good 45 minutes and scrubbed myself. I felt completly dirty.

# Did he come on you? Inside you?

He came on my ass. He had me bent over. He didn't use a condom.

# But you had sex with him a second time. Why?

It was a month later, in the Philly area, and I was feature-dancing. He came in: "Hey, I really need to talk to you." I was like, "If I have time. I'm so busy." I tried ignoring him and not really talking to him. I was scared and nervous. I went onstage, and he was a completely different person this time. He didn't approach me. He didn't try and talk to me. He didn't try and talk try and ta

After one of my sets that night, he walked up to my merch table, bought a few movies from me and asked me to sign some of my pictures. He said, "Look, I'm sorry," And my stomach sank, he was like, "No, I just want to apologice because I cent left that you can be an even as yourund me, and I know that I was rough with you last lime, but I get It wor en anchess, and just because you do that in your movies doesn't mean that you like to do that stuff in your personal life."

I signed his pictures, and then I kind of gave the eye to the bouncer, like, "I need to wrap things up," because I didn't want to talk to him anymore. So the bouncer came up and wrapped my stuff up and said, "Okay, you're going to have to talk to her later. She's busy," So he went and sat down, and I went in the back room and then back onstage.

Then I did the same thing and went and signed my movies, and he came back over and stood by me and was like, "I'm really sorry, I want to show you that I'm a nicer person. I'm not that mean. I'm not rough. I'm sensual. You know, everybody has their kinks and fetishes and things that they like, but I promise you. I've been a fan.

and I really like you, and I'm really sincerely sorry." So I believed him, which is one of my flaws. That's why it took me so long to divorce my first husband. He was abusive, and every time he would apologize, I would just be like, "Okay, Okay." So I gave him my room number. He showed up. I had my phone dialed on 911 under my pillow just in case things oft out of hand.

# What was he like the second time?

He walked in, and things were a little bit more—not intimate or passionate, but they weren't rough. He was just more verbally abusive, calling me a slut, a skank, slightly pulling on my hair, but not like pushing my face into the pillow. It was hard, but it wasn't abusive.

# What kinds of things did you do?

I started off just giving him a normal blowjob. It wann't super rough, logital cit, so It was alltie sloppy. And owe went into me stilling so post plant plant grows and the start grows and the start grows and the storage before the start grows and the start grows and the storage before the start grows and the grows the start grows and the start grows and the grows the start grows and the grows and the start grows and the grows and grows grows

And he was like, "You like this, don't you? You like the fact that I can give you all kinds of different versions of sex." It was strange. It was like he was getting satisfaction out of being able to handle his personality disorder. It felt like he was trying to play a game. I don't believe that he wasn't sorry for the first time. But that doesn't mean he's not ooing to do it again to somebody else.

# Did you use protection this time? No protection.

How much did he pay you?

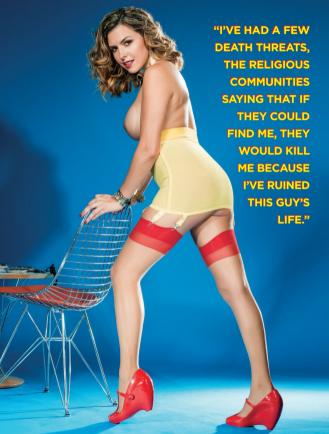
He was supposed to gift me \$1,500 for the first encounter. He only threw \$1,000 on the counter. And in the second encounter, I got gifted the \$1,500. He set it on the counter gently and said, "I hope to see you again."

#### How crazy has all this media attention been for you?

The distaying low Surprisingly, I've had more positive feedback than negative. A lot of lesbiars and the gay community have been giving me positive mails like. "Hey thank you for oding this giv) and his family, They're a bunch of hypocrites, and the word needs to know. And then, you know, I get habe mails from religious communities saying that if they could find now, I get habe mails from religious communities saying that if they could find now, they would kill imbe because I've ruined this guy's Iftel. I don't respond. I didn't want all the media attention. I didn't want ny face to be everywhere. But then also didn't want everyone thinking that I was a homewrecker, and I didn't want them going out and praising this guy're being a horn't being ongoing and praising this guy're being a horn't being ongoing and praising this guy're being a horn't being ongoing and praising this guy're being a horn't being ongoing and praising this guy're being a horn't being ongoing and praising this guy're being a horn't being on the praising this guy're being a horn't being a horn't being on the praising the guy're being a horn't b

#### How have your parents responded to all this?

I don't talk to my mom, so I don't know how she would respond. But my dad actually called me. Most parents would be like, "What is your problem? Why are you doing hits?" And all he asked me was if I was okay. He was like, "I don't want to know what's going on, but I saw you on IY, and I just want to know, Are you okay?" And I was like, "I'm fine." Im fine." >>





# If you could say something to Duggar's wife, what would you say? I know she's standing by him, and I know that she's being a great,

I know she's satisfulling by mail, and indow that size being all greatsons. I think she's doing it because she doesn't have anywhere else to go or she doesn't know any whether. But she should support him in treatment and make sure he completes II. He checked into rehab. In Touch called him and said, "Your poor nate Touchca Olden into could not she to the she will be the should support him into rehab. So I hope she pueshes him to continue rehab and not just the six-month shint. He needs long-term treatment.

## Do you regret it in hindsight?

No, because if I said that I regret it, then I wouldn't be in the position that I am in now, to be able to speak out against sexual assault or sexual abuse. After my husband beat the crap out of me, I felt like such a small person. And I had no outlets to go out and help other

women. I've gotten a lot of emails from women wishing that they were able to do what I've done and out people that have been horrible to them and do something about it. For women who are in similar situations as I was in, there are different avenues and organizations out there for them to get help (i.e., check out RAINN.org).

# It can be tough to escape from abusive relationships. How did you get out?

Well, I was legally married to him for five years. I was 18,1 went to 1 him for five years. I was 18,1 went to 1 minors my entire file. It's os strape, it's ided was school with him almost my entire file. It's os strape, it's ided was school ide. It ran in his family. My husband at the time was 1 like—he were veen raised his visio cat me, yelled at me, the whole time we dated. I was a princess, and he treated me like one. And then he joined the havy. We moved to Galifornia, and then he joined to Galifornia, so Not coming home and then opening up a beer and just the moving the promise of the promise

treating me like I was his slave and not his wife. It started with emotional abuse, mental abuse. Over a period of six months his verbal abuse got really, really bad. Then it got physical.

# What kind of things did he say to you?

That I was worthless. That I could never be with anybody else, that I wasn't pretty, that I was never going to get anywhere in life and no one would ever want in ead id didn't deserve any happiness. All I could see was his dad in him. The abuse started one day after he had come from work. I was cooking dimen; the perfect housewife, so it would be on the table by the time he got home. I let like only and walks in, and he takes his colhess off in the middle of the living orom and goes in to take a bath. And I said something along the lines of, "if you'r agoing in the kinding bathroom, which you re going in the kinding bathroom, who was work and the work and the work of th

We started arguing, It was horrible. So I finished cooking, My oor's in the living room, and I valked into the bathroom. (My then-husband's) mother committed suicide when he was 16. He's had a rough, rough life. And I opened the bathroom door, and siad, "You know, I your mother was alive right now, she would be completely dispusted in your behavior to wastide me." He stood up out of the shower and laid me on my ass. It went not or almost seven, eight months.

## Before you left him?

No. Before India anybody, My mom told me, "You need to leave him. You need to leave him. How mand." And finally invoed out to another agartment, and he apologized to me; You know, "The sory; I won't Od it again! Inegret everything I've said to you. You're the mother of my child." So! let him move back in. Then he broken grids shield, broke my front door so! couldn't leave the thin move back in. Then he broken watched. The last and tilterally beat me to a pulp white out or roommates stood there and watched. The last hing i remember before I blacked out was him kicking me in my ribs and then spitting in one and punching me. That's when I left.

## Where did you go?

I went and got a small one-bedroom apartment. If lifed a restraining order, which ended up getting order, which ended up getting denied because the judge said that I was just thyring to do it to prevent him from getting custody. Even though I brought him pictures of the manshade window and bruises on my side and marks, like he beat me. I called his loc command. His command did nothing. They filed ear a restraining order and said that I wasn't allowed to contact him or come to his ship.





# Against you?

Against me. I filed for divorce the same day that I filed for the restraining order.

## You're quite the survivor. You're remarried now, right?

Yes, and we have a three-year-old daughter too. We have a really good relationship. He's basically been the dad to my son. We have our ups and our downs, and we fight, and there's moments where we're like, "Oh, we can't do this anymore." But he's a good husband, a good dad.

# How did you end up getting into the adult industry?

My husband left me with no money and wasn't paying child support. So I started cocktail-waitressing at a strip club, where I was making more money than most of the dancers were because I got paid \$8.75 an hour plus tips. The dancers in San Diego only get tips offstage. So most nights I would go home with my hourly olus \$200. \$300 in tibo.

So Jenna Haze had come into the strip club, and she doesn't remember this at all. I mean, it was a long time ago, 2009. She was feature-dancing. And at the merch table of course all the waitresses want to go meet her and take a picture with her, just shake her hand. I was one of those girls. I was in awe. But I still had my small-town mentality of like, Oh, my God, porn is disgusting. What is wrong with this girl? So I go, "Hi. it's really nice to meet you." I think my [club] name at the time was Autumn. And she's like, "You're so cute, Have you ever thought about doing porn?" The first thing out of my mouth was, "You're disgusting."

Even though I was working at a stripe dub, I was wall, I was level, I was sell, I was level, I was like, I wonder if I ould do II. What are wisks? What II I ended up with herpes, AUSS, gonornhers 90 I researched every single STD for two weeks, looking at graphic pictures and discussing the chances of catching one and what the regulations were on porn, and I swall a lot of the same porn actresses all worked together.

So it was more like a family than what everybody had thought. It wasn't >> (continued on page 114)













# HUSTLER HUMOR



John telephoned a mail-order sex doll merchant and said, "I want to order a blow-up doll, but I want one that's truly realistic."

"I have just the thing," the supplier said, "our Real-Life Tina. She's so realistic, you can't tell the difference between Tina and a real woman."

John ordered the doll.

As the supplier retrieved the doll from the sheft, he stopped to admire it. He couldn't believe how realistic Real-Life Tina was, so he decided to blow it up, Once the doll was inflated, he got turned on. What the hell, he thought. He had sex with the doll. Afterward he cleaned the doll, neatly repackaged it, and mailed it out to John

A month later John telephoned the mail-order merchant. "You know that lifelike Tina doll you sent me?"

like Tina doll you sent me?"
The merchant began to sweat. "Yes?"
he asked nervously. "Was there a prob-

"Realistic?" exclaimed John. "She's so realistic. I got genital warts!"

lem? Wasn't she realistic?"

Question: What's the difference between a lawyer and sperm?

Answer: Sperm has a one in a million chance of turning into a human being.

A man walked into a pharmacy. "I'd like six condoms, miss," he said, addressing the woman behind the counter. "Don't 'miss' me," she snapped.

"Don't 'miss' me," she snapped.
"Okay," the man replied. "I guess you'd
hetter make it seven then."

Tim and Dean were stranded in the desert. They hadn't eaten in days. As they crawled in the hot sun, Tim saw a vulture's rotting carcass crawl-

ing with maggots.
"Food!" exclaimed Tim. He sat down to

eat the rotting flesh.
"I'm not eating that," said Dean in disgust.
Soon Tim began violently throwing up

the vulture and maggots.

Staring at the steaming pile of vomit,
Dean licked his lips. "Finally! A hot meal!"

After playing 18 holes at a golf course in rural Ireland, Rory McIlroy drove his new Mercedes to a gas station to fuel up. An attendant greeted him in a typical Irish manner.

"Top o' the morning to va."

As Rory got out of the car, two tees fell from his pocket.

The attendant stooped down to retrieve them. "What are these things, laddie?" he

"They're called tees," replied Rory.

"And what would ya be using 'em for,

now?" asked the Irishman.
"Well, they're for resting my balls on

when I drive," Rory explained.
"Aw, Jaysus, Mary an' Joseph!" the

"Aw, Jaysus, Mary an' Joseph!" the Irish attendant exclaimed. "Those fellahs at Mercedes think of everything!"

Question: Why did God Almighty give man a brain?

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send

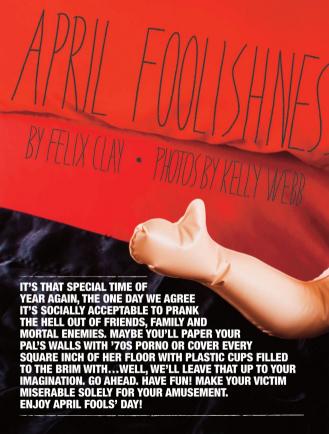
Answer: Nobody knows.

ers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it. we'll send you 25 bucks!



"I'm so sorry, Mona—I shouldn't have pressured you into trying fist-fucking!"







# PRANKS FOR

#### THE BEST GAGS MONEY CAN BUY FOR (PRACTICALLY) NO MONEY

#### "WHOSE PANTIES ARE THESE?"

This one is simple and fun if you like the idea of making your special someone lose her mind. All you're going to need is a pair of panties, the kind she would never wear. Make it extra fun by getting a size that's astronomically different from hers, and then leave them bunched up somewhere in the house where she'll find themmaybe under the bedcovers or hanging over the towel rack.

Once she discovers the panties, odds are, you're going to hear about it. Just make sure you have evidence that shows you bought them so there's no doubt about your unwavering devotion. You still might end up sleeping alone, but at least you can say you got her.

#### MOUSE LOUSE

This works best in an office, but it's also good for a roommate who's on the computer a lot. All you need to do is set up your victim's computer with a wireless mouse. Then use it. Nothing is more infuriating than trying to get your work done with a mouse that doesn't want to cooperate. You don't want to overoft this prank. Maybe jerk the cursor around a bit or slowly uses it over to poen up their l'Iunes, or YouPorn, just to keep them on their loss. If you're careful, you could out life foil indefinitely.

#### "TALK DIRTY TO ME"

If you have a friend who never answers his phone and then never returns voicemails, this one's for you. Another fairly easy setup. All you need to do is create a simple flier in Word. Post a pic of a sexy babe who looks like she's enjoying herself and title it "Ultimate Fake Orgasm Challenge" or "2016 Talk Nasty Contest." Then invite contestants to call your friend's number, leave their best entry and to please enter as often as they like. Winners will be judged on April 7th or whatever, and the best wins \$500. Now that you have your flier post it where you think it'll have the best payoff-bar bathrooms, the mall, prison...



#### CLASSIC WRAP

Plastic wrap costs about \$1 a roll and has endless uses on April Fools' Day. From wrapping the toilet bowl to ensure piss-splashing hilarity to plastering a layer at face level across a doorway to the somewhat more expensive and time-consuming full-car plastic wrap, there's really no wrong way to use it.

#### SPASTIC ELASTIC

likev you ever gothen stuck trying to remove a nubber band from something? You there to loosen it, but you ended up turning it the wrong way and securing tightly whatever you were trying to undo? Now imagine how much someone vouid despise you if you bought, say, a few thousand rubber bands and used them to bind everything your victim owns. Bild the phone, the mouse, the keyboard, the remote control, the stapler, their Fleshight, their didd, whatever the hell you can get ahold of . Just bury it in rubber bands until you of the properties of the properties of the properties of if they use scissors or a knife, it's going to take them hours and a fon of patience to fix your mess.

#### UPPER-DECKER SUPREME

Here's a fun one that works on a sliding scale of animosity. If you like the person, then you can take it pretty easy. If they're an enemy, then by all means use a trout. For those not in the know, the basic premise of an upper-decker is to shift in the tak'n of someone's ballet, thus ensuring stanky, dry water with every flush. Of course that's old and barely creative. Why poop in someone's tank when you can droop in the afforementioned trout? Or a handful of shrimp? Or a few packages of chocolate pudding mix or gray browner?



#### BALLING BY THE HOUR

You know how your gift checks out your phone anytime you leave if lying around somewhere? This trick will teach her. Have a friend engage you in a quick and damning ted conversation wherein you negotiate rates for an hour of fun. Then you follow up maybe 90 inmitutes later with a quick thanks. Bonus points if it looks like you dropped \$500 or more. Leave the phone won't be able to resist having a snoop. (You might won't be able to resist having a snoop. (You might want to covery our ass by making sure your friend can send a tact clearing everything—maybe a pic of the two of you holding up an April Fools' sign and part of the two of you holding up an April Fools' sign and you want to

#### FROZEN PERIOD

A variation on the classic Jell-O office prank, but ease the because you don't have to go out and thuy Jell-O and then make Jell-O. In this case, take whatever fame your victim need-in-De priorid from his keyloard is always a good one—and loss it in a bowl of water in the office freezer. For added aggravation, suspend it was a piece of strings on it is in the centre of the bowl. Then just freeze it overnight Nes, a dever person can ingire out how to get it out pretty simply, but it's still a pain in the ass. And no one's saying you can't do it with car keys, person a cell phone. If you're feeling considerate, you might want to put the cell phone in an arising his pair is an arising his gair is an arising his pair and arising his pair arising his pair and arising his pair arising his pair and arising his pair arising his pair and arising his pair and arising his pair arising pair arising arising his pair arising arising pair arising arising pair arising arising arising a

#### TP TORTURE

This is a total asshole move, but the upside is. It takes mere seconds, can be doen anywhere, and it's dirt cheap. You can pull this off in a bathroom at home, at work or anyplace else, with the help of some poverful glue. Lock yourself in the bathroom and grab the tollet paper; then run a bead of super glue along the side of the rull. Do the liderater of the rull, just one simple line on each side, thus ensuring no one will ever be able to pull off more than one or two squares of paper at a time. If you're really industrious, do it to every single roll available!

## PENNES

#### THE LONG HAUL

Looking for a simple gag that offers a smug sense of sest-satisfaction and the potential to last 'Bascially all you need is a photo. I recommend a picture of somewith character, like Damny Tepic, Jount florik or your favorite pornstress. To gull off the prant, you med to be in your prantees home or cline, anywhere they have photos—preferably in a frame, but a photo abum will do in a pinich. Then it is a simple matter of getting a moment alone with their family photos to swap yours in. You need to be discrete about this—you can't replace and RIO gad ploto in the middle of a martelepiece with a splayed Kayefer Kross. Jour can't replace a mainler, less important photos of to the sides. Swap it, but it back exactly as it was, and see how long it lastes someone to notice.

#### REALDOLL RECEIPT

Few things make a woman anginer than if her mate buys something substantial without discussing it first, especially if by substantial we're talking maybe \$6,000 and it's for a sex toy. Whip yourself up a faker necepit for a Realibell love doll and make it as elaborate as you want—an erast \$250 for vitrantia gas saction, another \$100 for nipples that squirt, with the total bill some completely insane amount you know she'd never agree to. Leave it out where she can see it and, after she does, ry to explain how it's really a gift for both of you because you paid for a removable penis attachment.



# PRANKS GONE BAD!

#### 6 stranglehold

If you were making people in the world by likability, odds are most serial killers would probably be near the bottom of the list. We're talking below reality stars and people who shit in your malitor. That happens to you, right? Armyaw, despite how generally locatisome serial killers are, Teas state representative Tom Moror ut. Phought is ringly make for a halirous April Flood' prink to foss in on a resolution at little thank-you to the Boston Strangler for his work in the field of pooulation control.

The exact wording of Moore's resolution included the line "this compassionate gentleman's dedication and devotion to his work has enabled the weak and the lonely throughout the nation to achieve and maintain a new degree of concern for their future." That's some wicked satire right there. Made even more wicked when the resolution passed

The Boston Strangler, also known as Albert DeSalvo, murdered 13 women throughout the 1960s. He wasn't arrested for any of those, mind you, but for a series of rapes. Needless to say, he isn't the kind of guy you really want to honor.

Moore had to withdraw his resolution after it passed before Texas ended up with some kind of holiday commemorating a murdererrapist. He said it had just been an April Fools' prank. Mostly it proved that no, your elected officials don't bother to read the motions they vote on.

#### **5** ■ THE FIRE WORKS

You ever notice that every year, on July 5th, there's a least one story about someone who was hospitated after a really stupid fireworks accident? Like they held it in their hand when it went off, or some noe pointed at at them, or they used it to light a cigarette and grill some shrimp? Literally happens every year. The Lucky people only lose hands or get humsed—with hellahl foresisonals call *karma* because, yes, low-grade explosives are dangerous. Not just on July 4th. They're dangerous all-year-round.

A group of roommates in Michigan found out just how dangerous when one of the girls tried the old "throwing a flaming explosive at a friend" April Fools' prank. The girl missed her friend, but managed to nail the laundry basket, which promptly burst into flames.

The fire quickly grew out of control, and the entire townhouse was evacuated while firefighters dealt with the blaze. The next day all of the residents returned home, except for the girls in the burned-out apartment, who pretty much lost everything. Definitely April fools.

#### 4 BOY BAND BLUNDER

Ever heard of the band JLS? Ha ha, of course not—you're not a 14-year-old English gild living in the year 2010. JLS was a British boy band. Their name stands for Jack the Lad Swing because Total Fucking Glibberish would have been TFG, and that doesn't hit the ear quite the same. For the purposes of this article, I thied to listen to one of their songs but blacked out and worke up on the lawn beation my mailman with a cast-loro pan.

Anyway, prankster of the group Aston Merrygold, whose parents obviously pranked him with that name, decided to play a joke on fans by posting the phone number of one of his bandmates online. Only it wasn't really his bandmate's phone number; it was a random number he made up that also have pened to be the phone number of a 65-year-old cancer patient. Hilarious!

Merrygold posted the random number on Twitter to his 183,000 followers. The result was an influx of thousands of calls and texts to Bill Phillips. According to Phillips. he was receiving seasages every five seconds, something any grandfather undergoing treatment for prostate cancer would be thrilled to endre, especially since the messages were nearly afform dioxiding teen oirls.

Eventually Phillips had to just turn off his phone, which he used for business, and that cost him money as well. Merrygold eventually offered to make it up to him with free show tickets. No doubt Phillips was thrilled with the offer.

#### 3 school shooting

There are usually two types of Aprill Fools' pranks—the simple "Saran Wrap on the toilet seat" brand that gets kids to laugh like they just discovered comedy and the more bizarrely complex "assemble a car in your friend's dorn room." Then, when you graduate to adulthood, you either give up jokes or at least try to refine them into something worthy of your age. What you don't do syell "Bomb!" on an airplane or follow Angela Timmons' ridiculous example.

Timmons worked at Virginia College in South Carolina and, on April 1st, 2014, thought it would be a real knee-slapper to call the daughter in New York and ask if her refrigerator was running. Walt, no, what she did was call her daughter and tell her someone was shooting up the school and that she was hiding for her own safety. Then she proceeded to not answer any calls or texts. Are you laughing yet? It's a side-spittler, it is.

Timmons' daughter responded the way normal people do, by calling the police, who raced to the college, because we live in a time when school shootings are real and deadly and frequent, so only a complete ass hat would joke about such a thing.

Of course cops are not generally known for their great sense of humor. So they promptly arrested Timmons on charges of aggravated breach of the peace and disturbing a school, because that's what ass hats who pretend to be involved in school shootings deserve. APRIL FOOLS' DAY IS AN AGE-OLD TRADITION—EVEN CHAUCER WROTE ABOUT IT, AND HE PRETTY MUCH INVENTED ENGLISH. DON'T BELIEVE THE STORIES ABOUT IT HAVING SOMETHING TO DO WITH MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE WHO CELEBRATED THE NEW YEAR ON APRIL 1ST. THAT'S PURE BULLSHIT. JUST ACCEPT THE FACT THAT WE'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR OVER 500 YEARS, AND THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO REASON TO STOP NOW. BUT PAY HEED, MY FRIENDS. SELECT YOUR GAG CAREFULLY. STEER CLEAR OF TRICKS THAT MIGHT LAND YOU IN JAIL OR THE MORGUE. LEARN FROM THE FOLLOWING COUNTDOWN...

#### 2 OPIE AND ANTHONY GET FIRED

Radio hosts Opie and Anthony sometimes cracked wise in a way that not everyone found to be hilarious. One joke that didn't go over so well for the pair happened back in 1998, when they pranked Boston with a very simple April Fools' joke: They reported that the mayor of the city had just died in a car accident in Florids.

Now, say what you will about death hoaxes—that dude from Blue's Claes has probably died a dozen times on Twitter since the site was invented—this one seemed to go over even worse than normal. The actual, living mayor was on a plane at the time loop is and Arithony Killed him, so for the duration of a flight he was completely unreachable, which only left credence to the story. Pople showed up at his sister—in-law's home to offer conclonences, and when the mayor finally did and he was foll that he was steden.

Zombie mayor didn't think his death was so funny, and he set about writing a letter to the FCC asking them to fine the radio station because death hoaves are just the shittlest. The radio station had a counter offer—"What if we raise funds for your favorite charity?" The mayor said it wasn't about the money; it was about kissing his ass because. "Fuck you, I'm not dead." That's paraphrasina a bit.

The radio station did what all radio stations do when confronted with controversy: They fired the guys. I mean, have you ever heard of Opie and Anthony? Ruined their careers, it did.

#### RICHARD BRANSON GOES TO JAIL

When you're worth a bejillion dollars and change, like Richard Branson, you can afford to pull elaborate April Fools' pranks every year because who's going to stop you'? The police? Yeak the police. Back in the '90s, the billionaire ended up in jail after a joke gone wrong, proving the law doesn't care who you are; they will taze your ass and toss you in a cell if your lokes aren't furmy enough.

Brasson thought pranking his business partner would be an awesome idea, so he witted the man and his glirtifiend out of a late dimer. Then, while they were out, he had goons enter the man's apartment and rob it blind. As a prank. The plan was to lave the man come had and fake cops would interrogate him, dust for prints, all that jazz. Then Brasson would be all "April" Fools' II sent your stuff to lowel" or whatever he did with II, and everyone would have a good business.

Instead, what happened was that at dinner Branson got a phone call, it was already late at night, so when he left to take it, the partner and his girlfriend ducked out on him and left a note thanking him but saying it was late and they needed to go. Oops.

Branson went home in a panic, not sure how to salvage the prank, only to have his wife inform him of the break-in and tell him his partner's girlfriend wanted to stay at their place because she was too scared to go back to the

apartment, where the real police were currently investigating the crime. Realizing the joke was dead in the water, Branson called his partner to explain. Unfortunely for Branson, his partner had already filed a police report, and cops really hate it when they come out to investigate and then later they're told, "Just kidding." Still, his partner said he'd try to work something out with the police.

Then came a knock at Branson's door. Two officers promptly put Branson in handcuffs and arrested him in his bathrobe and slippers. They took him to the local precinct and tossed him in a cell after removing the sash from his robe so he couldn't hand himself. Now, that's funny.

According to Branson, he was falling asleep when he was startled by screams from the next cell—someone was begging and pleading for their beating to stop. The next day at noon Branson was taken from his cell and marched upstairs, where he was charged with a handful of offenses, in-cluding wastling onoline time.

He was released and, outside, was greeted by his partner and more staff, who surprised him with their own "Angli Tools" cheer, Apparently his partner really had negotiated with the cops to drop charges; it's just that they were still really piesed of 55 othey agreed to when the safe provinced they could keep Branson in a holding cell all night. Then they staged a faske beating in the next cell to scart be held out of him. Is any of that even mendely legal? Doesn't matter. It's still a pool joke, but the first one. The second one, that left a rich man insisten in his saidlefor mort fine. The



"Estelle, I just heard someone break in downstairs!

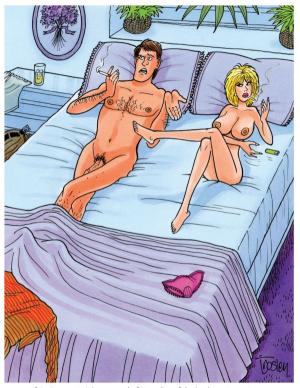
Take off your clothes, go down there and scare
the son of a bitch to death!"





PHONE NUMBER

E-MAIL



"A wig, a nose job, eye work, Botox, lipo, fake boobs, a spray tan... and you're mad at me because I lied about being married!

# HARDCORE SHOWGASE

#### MY FIRST NURU MASSAGE

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: TEGAN SUMMERS, CHLOE FOSTER, CHLOE AMOUR, AILEK, ASH-DEN WELLS, EVAN STONE, BILLY GLIDE, MARCO BANDERAS, OTTO BAUER & TOMMY GUINN.



It's all about slipping and sliding, stripping and sex-providing in My First Nuru Massage, an erotic paean to the art of lubing and frottage. The video kicks off with nubile lass Tegan Summers, whose slight frame is slathered slick by Evan Stone. Summers methodically glides her glistening tits over Stone's back, loosening every muscle except for the one dangling between his legs-which she polishes until it gleams like a church spire in the midday sun. Eventually Stone flips Summers over and treats her to a doggy-style drilling, his dangling sac slapping her ass with a thwap on every thrust. Next sumptuous blonde Chioe Foster greases herself up good for a joyride with Billy Glide, gargling his balls, choking down his hone and bouncing on his poop stick. But as Foster bounces. she flails and bobs like a marionette operated by an epileptic puppeteer in the throes of a violent jackoff session. Brunet, tawny-skinned fuck-puppet Chloe Amour ups the goo factor by spitting and drooling all over a stiff prick during her own oily escapade. You'll probably want to invest in a plastic tarp because My First Nuru Massage makes a big, slippery mess -but it will definitely rub you the right way. Order today by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com. -Pico D. Ribibi





#### HARDCORE SHOWCASE















#### **DP MASTERS 2**

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: RYAN CONNER, KENDALL KARSON, KAY-LANI LEI, MORGAN LEE, CHRIS STROKES, MARK WOOD & JULES JORDAN.



It's nice to see that some people are still devoted to perfecting a craft, like the dedicated fuckers of DP Masters 2, who toil to hone their skills at penetrating shitpit and baby-shooter simultaneously. Unfortunately, the mixed results of this video indicate that a few more classes are in order. Exhibit A: headlining cum-bucket Ryan Conner, a threadbare hag who not only should have been relegated to the ash heap of pornography-they should have burned the ashes again. Conner's neongreen outfit, accentuated with polka-dot cutouts, looks like a circus tent stretched across her over-ample frame-which is actually appropriate, given her clownfrom-your-nightmares facial features, punctuated by a schnoz that would make Secretariat seriously consider rhinoplasty. Why the video's producers decided to highlight her in the leadoff scene defies all logic. Her drooping, wizened meat curtains and crepey turd hatch are like twin black holes in which any sexual interest disappears forever. Luckily the video rebounds from there. Brunet, swollen-racked vixen Kendall Karson delights in her fetish-friendly latex gear-and demonstrates agile skill in taking tandem cocks to her bunghole and girl gulch, Asian cock hound Kaylani Lei likewise helps to ameliorate this video's ghastly opening salvo-but that's a little like someone handing you a Band-Aid after shooting you in the chest, DP Masters 2 is a few credits short of a degree. —P.D.R.

HARDCORE SHOWCASE









#### **BREAKIN IN**

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: DAKOTA SKYE, CHANELL HEART, JASMINE CARO, CHLOE FOSTER, ASH HOLLYWOOD, MARK ZANE, KEVIN JULES, ALAN STAFFORD, RYAN DRILLER & RYAN MEJ ANE.



The last home intruder Lencountered ended up with a load of lead and a hole where one was never intended to be. Breakin In deals with other kinds of holes and loads altogether, chronicling the carnal adventures of break-and-enter culorits as they find a home, rut away and then cover a random household object in semen. Kudos for finding a new concept, but how's the sex? Turns out, it's as solid as the dead bolt lock that would have prevented these invasions in the first place. Blond nymph Dakota Skye and her male accomplice gain entry to a suburban spread and rifle through the kitchen until they find a near-empty bottle of baby oil and a towel. Not a great haul for a burglary, but they make the most of it, oiling up Skye's perky nates until they glisten like a dew-covered lily in the morning sun. As Skye's petite frame is put through its sexual paces, a number of thoughts run through the viewer's head: Where are the cops? How much does a home security system cost, anyway? Is the Neighborhood Watch committee just peering through the window and jacking off? The scene culminates with the dude jerking onto a slice of loaf cake that had been left on the counter-an odd choice for a spuzz target, but so be it. Dusky, taut-bodied enchantress Chanell Heart represents George Zimmerman's worst nightmare: a black criminal so hot that he'd have to think twice before shooting her on sight, Points off for Ash Hollywood, whose unfortunate shoulder tattoo looks like a seeping. suture wound. But otherwise, Breakin In will pilfer the scum from your nut sac. Catch this steal at 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com























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### **BEAVER** HUNT





EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN





#### **SCOUT**

"I want to be the girl hidden under everyone's befat," proclaims Scout, 23, a "bubbly, silly, adventurous and amicable" dancer from Berkeley, California.
"I would make a great wile because I'll cook naked for my husband every night, the will never go horny or hungry. And I'm fun to watch a move with because if it starts getting only. I'll be to lacked prink with because if it starts getting only, if it perk himse, just Wer to lacked prink with south server files aren't just tible Hands and The Breakfas Club, but also Back Susses. The HISTLEH Magazone Slory Hestuning Jarn Pfyint, of course, and our Beaver Hunt honcho). The 5-foot-3 nevolie's other pastimes are ballet, running, lifting and see. "I'm a bi-curious, submissives and kinky cum whom?. Sout admiss! can deep-throat and squirt, and like being feet op, spanked, gagged and blindfolded." The Red for Chill Pappers, Alice in Chains and Minnar fan as a sirreverent as this mag. "My fantasy is to have a lesbian orgy inside the Westboro Baptist Church and get cum everywhere." — Photo by David/KPhoto. com







#### **DEMI CAPRI**

No longer content to merely flash matorists, this "determined" server from Fro Collins, Colorado, has opded to show of the escumptions goodels for Fro Collins, Colorado, has opded to show of the escumptions goodels for a much larger, stattorary audience. "I like taking food orders and being of the other shows the colorado of the col



#### **BEAVER** HUNT











#### TAYLOR LEE

It's time for a former cake decorator from Houston, Texas, to put the icing on her nudemodeling aspirations, "I'm very sexual, and I love to feel sexy in front of the camera and especially when someone takes a liking to me," 27-year-old Taylor Lee lays on us. "I'm fun, competitive, a hippie, sweetheart and one-in-a-million kinda girl. I suck at sports, but I love playing them." The 5-foot-2 college grad is also a movie buff (Star Wars and The Princess Bride are two silver-screeners she adores) and a music diehard, with Stevie Wonder, AC/DC and Britney Spears at the top of her playlist, Taylor's a pop star too, sort of: "I'm the best sex partner anyone will ever have-male or female-and I get off fulfilling fantasies and fetishes. I'm beyond amazing in bed, and my blowjobs alone will make a guy feel like a king. In the past few years I have sexually exploded!" That explains why Taylor now welcomes amorous guests to her digs at the Moonlite BunnyRanch, a legal brothel in northern Nevada: "I'm a hooker with a heart of gold," she exults. "I'm all out to provide my clients an experience they wouldn't be able to get anywhere else," Taylor likes surprises, giving and receiving, and she has one of her own: "I still haven't tried anal. I'm saving that for a man who'll appreciate the opportunity and take as much time as I need to get into my comfort zone." -Photos by Lance Kincaid







#### **KAYDANCE MARIE**

"I am outgoing, adventurous, curious, a little nerby and always game to by new things, "announces Raydance Maire, 24.1" thought posing nude for HLSTIE would be fun. Why not? I love being watched while I have sex." Born in Germany, the 5-food-8 skirn-mag rooke ingith well be the most fun denzer of Leander, Texas. "I am an awesome person to watch TV with because I do! I thisked," boasts Raydance, a faithful Withes of East Text diverer who's skirn in both voluming, fishing, motorcycle crusing, Texas Red Dirt bands (led by Casey Donahews) and hitting swinger clubs." I am a bit of a faxes." big all Kaydance reckors. "Bondage is my favorite sexual activity, reverse cowgif is my favorite position, and I like to think I have some amazing oral talents." Dancing in Raydance's mid is a steamy caper that sounds like a whole lof fur. "I di love to crash an all-female only in a lot tub.".

—Protox by Ron Relumano.



#### ALEXANDRIA WU

"It was my dream to nose nude in a manazine " says Alexandria Wu. 24. who hails from China and now resides in Boston. Massachusetts. "Llove showing off my natural, sexy side," Here's why wooing the 5-foot-8 newcomer is worthwhile: "I'm a sweetheart. I tend to be nolite, and I have a big. loving heart. There's tons of compassion within me. I'm always willing to help those in need." Alexandria is a "cuddly" couch potato whose favorite TV offerings are The Amazing Race, Survivor, Catfish, What Would You Do? and One Bad Choice." Miley Cyrus, Selena Gomez and Led Zeppelin are her main musical choices. She's spunky: "I play touch football, ride horses and race stock cars." Alexandria, who interned at a New Mexico biochem lab and briefly rode cocks at the Love Ranch North bordello in Nevada, hits our checkered flag with gusto: "I'm very seductive and aggressive. I prefer a girl's silky body, but guys are way more fun. I love foreplay: cowoirl and doogy are my favorite positions: and I sometimes do dominatrix sessions." But Alexandria's fantasy reverses course. "I want to be totally dominated by two bodybuilders," coos the aspiring porn star. -Photos by JMR Foto



"My most memorable sexual adventure was a fuckathon, It's basically having sex all day with a few breaks in between. I'm ready for whatever the adult industry wants to throw my way!"

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# (continued from page 66)

just having sex with a whole bunch of random people, but you know, just being in like a community. Two weeks after I met Jenna Haze, I Googled "number-one adult lagent in Los Angeles," and I found Derek Hay. He said, "Why don't you come up to L.A., and I'll take a look at you and let you know." And I did.

# So what are your kinks and fetishes?

I like watching men together. I don't know. It's just different. It's taboo. People watch lesbian porn all the time. But I like watching two men together.

### How kinky have you gotten on camera? Define kinky.

What's the craziest thing you've done?

A five-guy gangbang for Kink.com. The guy ended up slipping in DP, and I ended up doing a double vadge [makes a pained face].

# How can a guy turn you on...besides making out with another guy?

I really like pretty mouths, pretty teeth, well-manicured hands. I like sensual, make-love-to-me sex over dirty sex. I love foreplay, skin touching—soft, like when someone does a soider crawl up your arms.

## So what's next for you?

I can't really say what I have in the works, but I have some mainstream things that are coming up, that I may be cast for. I guess I can kind of thank Josh Duggar for that.



"Wow! Breakfast in bed, again! Girl, if you're not careful, you're gonna spoil me!"

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